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GIVE US DEWEY—PLEASE! From The Verdict.

There is a degenerate of the papers which calls daily, to be taken, on the folk of here about. Its hue is yellow, its sort epileptic, its name will be suppressed. It is anti-antical and montebankish and knows no more of politics than it does of straight lines. It has reason for nothing, calls itself a democrat, conducts itself like a republican and knocks about in every given situation, whether of party, morals or news, like a blind dog in a meat shop. The other day it unfolded in types large enough to keep a country fair in countenance, a "despatch" from Manila and which purported to give an interview with Dewey to the stern effect that under no condition would he Dewey, "run" for the presidency. It made our great sea-fighter recite himself as ignorant, incompetent, over-odd, and madly averse. Under no stress, no chance, no call would Dewey consent to the White House; under no pressure would he take a presidency. Allowing that Dewey said all these matters—and if he did, it's funny—what else, and answer the question, could he have said? And if he did say it, does any one believe it? Had he wanted a presidency, would he be fool-afloat enough to say so? And say too to such questioning? Is Dewey old—Who has fought so valorously? Is he ignorant—who has acted so wisely? Is he so poor in diplomacy and tact—he who has baffled the Germans one moment to brow-beat them the next? Finally, is there any presidential candidate—McKinley, Whitney, Gorman, Bryan, Bland, Roosevelt, Reed, Boies, or Hanna—who will, to point blank questioning, make blunt confession of his hopes or fears? Isn't the pathway to the White House sown thick with just such denials as Dewey's on the part of every last president of them all while yet a caterpillar candidate? Coming squarely down to practical president-making, who is going to have say: Dewey or the Democracy? To this afore-mentioned paper, born-of-a-bias, The Verdict would suggest that if it really and truly years to learn the name of our next president it might better confine its consultations to the people. Of a verity! the "candidate" will never lift the veil.

WAR IN SAMOA.

At Apia, in the Samoan Islands, the American war-ship Philadelphia, and the British cruisers Porpoise and Royalist bombarded several native towns and killed a number of natives during the eight days the bombardment lasted. Several months ago the king died, and hitherto the right of succession has been settled by war. When Germany, England and America assumed supervision of the islands this practice was considered and the result guarded against. The treaty of Berlin provided that the death of the king should not lead to war, but that the right of succession should be determined by the Chief Justice.

Judge Chambers, an American, was chief justice of the islands, and he decided that the son of the dead king was his rightful successor. The German consul dissented and the followers of Mataafa, the would be usurper, being stronger drove the King Malileto and followers to small islands where they were held prisoners and the chief justice was deposed in favor of a German.

The Philadelphia having arrived the English and American consuls warned the rebels to evacuate, the German consul dissenting and encouraging the rebels. The bombardment ensued which resulted in the destruction of several villages. Three English sailors and an American sentry have been killed.

The German government will hold its consul, Herr Rose accountable for his actions in inciting the natives to rebellion against the highest court in the land.

A hot campaign is in progress in Virginia over county candidates the election occurring in May. We are saved half the elections which Virginia staggers under, along with many other ancient, hooded things this State discarded when it decided to go it alone.

AQUA PURA.

Last week the Hinton-Independent-Herald contained an account of two outrages on the water drinkers on the Greenbrier River. The first was the wrenching off of the handle of the pump on Alderson bridge, which pump had been erected by private subscription to draw water from the middle of the stream. The second cause of complaint is the erection of the pulp mill at Caldwell.

A long article from a contributor appears protesting against the proposed industry, and the writer's idea of the proper way to scotch them is unique. He proposes that the press of the Greenbrier Valley thunder at them until they take their mill and sink away with it to Parkersburg, or some other place high bid high for it. We wonder if it was a Parkersburg man who wrote that letter.

No one can sympathize more sincerely with any one who is about to lose his supply of pure water more than the writer. And when the correspondent waits out that never no more can be laid down on his stomach and drink of the waters of the Greenbrier we feel for him. But we take a more hopeful view of the matter. In the first place the Greenbrier is not used for drinking or domestic purposes to any great extent below Lewisburg. The towns of Ronceverte and Alderson are situated on its banks, and all the drains of the town enter the river. This makes it unfit to all except those who have no fear of possible typhoid germs, or water impregnated with filth and refuse.

If the correspondent had read the testimony of Professor Mallet, than whom there is no higher authority, he would have hoped for better things. Other testimony in the case showed that stock drank of the waters immediately below the mill. The discoloration of the water is caused by the washing of the spruce wood, and we are informed that the chemicals used are retained in the vats, being too valuable to be drained away.

We wish to correct one statement we think strange in a man who daily quaffe water from the Greenbrier. He says this mill is to be established on the "headwaters" of the stream. He certainly must have been a Parkersburg man! The Greenbrier is 170 miles long, the longest stream in the State, and the pulp mill is 42 miles from its mouth.

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

The Experiment Station reports 31,792 tons of Fertilizer sold lawfully in this State at a value of \$606,981, an average value of \$19.09 per ton. The law regulating the sale of commercial fertilizer is very important as it is easy to defraud farmers by sending them a worthless substitute in place of a good fertilizer. Every bag is required to be tagged, and no purchaser should buy fertilizer unless its quality is vouched for by the experiment station with the tag.

For instance a firm has been trying to put on the market a certain "Plant Food," and refusing to submit samples for analysis. The station secured different samples and made the following analysis:

Table with 2 columns: Fertilizer Component and Value. Components include Insoluble Phos. Acid, Citrate Phos. Acid, Water Soluble Phos. Acid, Available Potash, Nitrogen, and Value about per ton f. o. b. Charleston, S. C.

This is the most pronounced offender. They claim immunity from inspection on account of the interstate commerce laws, but their position is untenable if they intend to defraud.

A SHOCKING PARALLEL.

"What the Lord's supper is to the Christian, so a Jefferson banquet is to a Democrat. Just as good Christian would revolt at having the sacrament administered by an infidel, so a good Democrat objects at having a Jefferson banquet presided over by Perry Belmont."

A candidate for the Presidency uses this irreverent language. He says that a political dinner and all that happens at such orgies, and the most sacred observance of the Christian churches are essentially alike. And there is about as much sense in it when it is construed as in the sentence, "you shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold!" There is a horrible similitude in the two expressions.

By the latest reports from Manila, General Otis is still crushing the rebellion.—Chicago Journal.

A Court Scene.

From The New York Sun. "Well," said the Recorder, "you are certainly a most peculiar fellow. However, I think it would be a good thing for the community to get rid of you, so I will sentence you."

"One minute," exclaimed the prisoner, raising his right hand, and interrupting the Recorder, "I have something I wish to say before you pass sentence."

"Well, I suppose you wish to—" "Just wait one minute," said the prisoner, again interrupting the Recorder. "I'm not going to appeal to you for mercy. I've never done that yet and I've been in a good many of them. When I'm convicted I generally take what's coming to me without a murmur. I've served a good many terms in prison and nobody ever heard me make any kind of an appeal for leniency. If a man adopts thieving as a profession, he must expect to accept trouble that he may get into after he goes into the business. Under the law, you are permitted to sentence me to ten years in the State's prison. It is now within your power to do so. While I do not appeal to you for mercy, I do wish to say that I think the penalty prescribed by the Legislature is just about double what it should be in a case like mine. Five years in State's prison in my judgement would be about the right penalty. Let us look at the facts of the case. Here is a man who violates all rules of decency by coming out with an ugly looking big diamond pin. He evidently was some cheap clerk in an east side store, and he throws right in the way of the professional thief a temptation to steal the stone simply for its commercial value and not for its beauty. Do you think it was proper for that man to wear that diamond pin loosely in his tie that way?"

"You evidently believe in socialism," said the Recorder. "No, I don't believe in socialism in the way that you have reference to it," replied the prisoner, "but I do believe that five years would be about right in a case of this sort. Society would not be benefitted in any way if you imposed a sentence of ten years upon me. I alone would be the only interested person."

"You seem to be a very bright man," said the Recorder. "Now, tell me, do you think that you could make up your mind to reform?" "A very ridiculous proposition," answered the prisoner. "I wish to say right here, your Honor, that only one out of about one hundred criminals who come here and tell you they intend to reform ever do reform. I don't believe it's in me to reform, although such a thing is possible. I have known of stranger things than that. However, I wish to tell the truth, and in telling it I must say that I really do not think there is any earthly chance for me to reform."

"I'll sentence you to State's prison for a term of five years at hard labor," said the Recorder, and the notorious pickpocket was hurried away by Deputy Sheriff Daniel Kelly, who took him to Sing Sing.

His First Fee.

Col George H. Moffett, of the claim department of the O. R. R., exhibited to The Sentinel a 50 cent piece he has been carrying as a pocket piece for 32 years and the piece has a history. It was back in 1867, and the Colonel was just out of the army. He had "barrels" of Confederate money, and but little of that endorsed by Uncle Sam. He had just been commissioned a notary public by the Governor of this State. The fact of the matter is he had just put out his shingle in the little town of Buchanan, and was sitting with his feet up on a box, patiently awaiting the coming of a client.

The sheriff of the county was the man, and, in a business like and been accustomed to it for years style, the Colonel signed some papers in due legal form. He was asked what the charges were which he politely informed the sheriff would be 50 cents. The sheriff paid it and the Colonel pocketed his first fee. He has kept it ever since, and, although the date and lettering are nearly obliterated, it is dearer to the Colonel than ever. He was asked if there had ever been a time when he had been tempted to spend it. He acknowledged there had been many a time.—Parkersburg Sentinel.

At Horton, a young lumberman by the name of Charles McKann had his leg crushed off by a saw log. The log was sliding down hill and he could not get out of its way. He died from the loss of blood eight hours after the accident.

Railroad Notes.

There is much said and more surmised concerning the speedy railroad development of Pocahontas. Enough of this fancy work could be had to fill a paper, but it would not be news and might get the speculators into trouble. We mean by speculators those who sit in comfortable lounging places, in easy attitudes, and pursue inquiries and form conjectures in regard to the coming of the railroad in their minds, a priori, and without any knowledge of their own to build on: moralizing and speculating about a railroad, but not planning for it. Their name is legion.

The first work to be done is for a track to be put in from Whitcomb to Caldwell and the construction corps of engineers is at work on it. Whitcomb is the point on the C. and O. where the Greenbrier railroad will join the main line. It is on the west side of the river.

The Pocahontas marble is being recognized as being as valuable a marble deposit as there is in the United States. This means a great deal for this section.

The right of way has been secured to the mouth of Spring Creek. No condemnation proceedings will be necessary on that end of the route, and it is hoped that such will be the case all the way through.

Information has been received that the twenty miles of railroad on the lower end of the line has been let to contract, the firm of Rinehart, Gooch & Co. being the successful bidders.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 35c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

"The United States is founded on the east be the Atlantic ocean and on the west be Cousin George."—"Mr. Dooley," in the Chicago Journal.

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' Pain-Reliever. Cures All Pains. "One cent a dose."

Richard Boyd, a prominent citizen of Morgantown, died the other night of typhoid fever, aged seventy years. He retired from business at Connellsville, Pa., two years ago and moved to Morgantown to permit his sons to attend the university.

The steamer Rowena Lee exploded in midstream in the Mississippi River opposite the Missouri Shore. Sixty persons were drowned, two only escaping.

DR. J. L. LAMBERT, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

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Your Cold Cured for 5c. Get Dr. Miles' Laxative Cold Cure.

At Bull Run.



Comrade Chas. Elms, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., was struck by a piece of shell which later caused severe heart trouble. He says: "At second Bull Run a piece of shell lodged in my shoulder, and later rheumatism set in, which in turn affected my heart to such extent that several doctors pronounced my case incurable. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure relieved my pains, shortness of breath and enabled me to work; also to sleep soundly, and prolonged my life."

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

Is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

So far the weather of 1899 has been very nearly a counterpart for the weather of the first three months of 1897, says the weather bureau. In Pocahontas there is another bond between the two years. In the first three months of 1897 Colonel McGraw made his first purchases of land for a railroad excitement ran as high as it has run this year during the same time, in which the paper company bought their timber land.

The remains of Big Foot Wallace have been interred in a cemetery at the State capital of Texas, by special act of the legislature. His grave will be appropriately marked and visited as that of one of the heroes of the days when the white man's territory had to be wrested from the possession of a relentless foe.

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